

MARVEL

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SPURRIER
BAZALDUA
BLEE

LEGION OF X



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MW

MARVEL
COMICS



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APPROVED
BY THE
MARVEL
COMICS
MCA
AUTHORITY

SILVER SURFER REBIRTH



MARVEL

RON MARZ
RON LIM
DON HO
ISRAEL SILVA

The Beach.

Liminal boundary of the Astral Plane and the Altar.



All those years...broken...
sedated...dismissed as
a liability... You look at
your dad now and all you
see is coldness.

I could
give you the
clarity you need,
Davey. The power
to be better.

Better
than him.

'Ere...let's
ask your little
mouse to give
us a peek,
eh?

Wh-what?
No, I--



Tsk! No, no, no--that's just the
present. Anyone can do visions of
that. What we want's a glimpse
of the future...

Stop it!
She doesn't do
that anymore!

Bollocks.
Precognition's the
deluxe market. Whoever
heard of a prophet
without a profit?

'Ere--



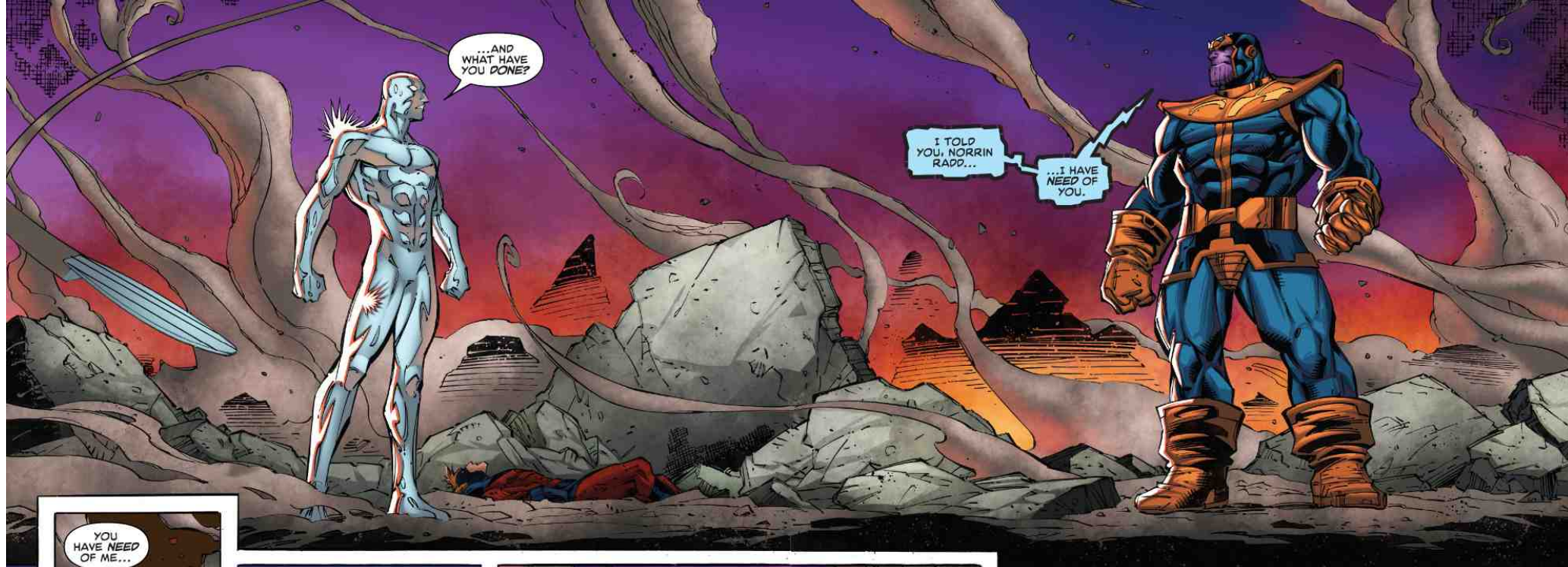
TO SAVE HIS PLANET, NORRIN RADD SURRENDERED HIS FREEDOM TO BECOME HERALD TO THE WORLD-DEVOURING GALACTUS. COATED WITH GALACTIC GLAZE, GIVEN A SURFBOARD OBEYING HIS MENTAL COMMANDS, AND GRANTED THE POWER COSMIC, HE NOW SOARS THE UNIVERSE A SHINING SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS! MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS . . . THE SILVER SURFER!

SHATTERED REFLECTION



RON MARZ WRITER • RON LIM PENCILER • DON HO INKER • ISRAEL SILVA COLORIST • VC's JOE SABINO LETTERER
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SILVER SURFER CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY





....AND
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

I TOLD
YOU, NORRIN
RADD...

...I HAVE
NEED OF
YOU.



YOU
HAVE NEED
OF ME...

...SO YOU
MURDERED
MAR-VELL?



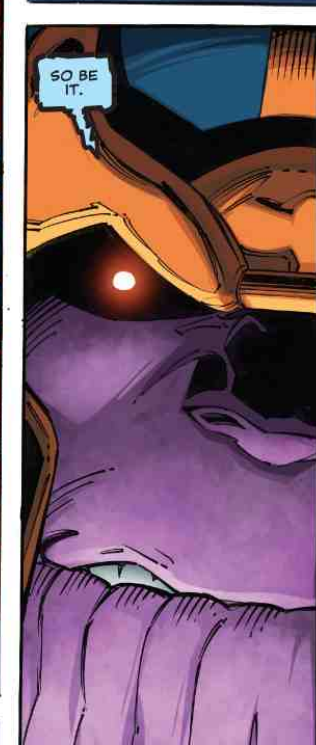
BELIEVE ME,
HE WAS DEAD
ALREADY.



I KNOW
NOT WHAT HAS
HAPPENED, HOW
I EVEN CAME TO
BE IN THIS
PLACE...



...BUT YOU
WILL ANSWER
FOR YOUR
CRIMES!



SO BE
IT.



If what she showed us is *true*, we could--god, we could make such a *difference*! I need your help to *decide*, or--

David.

I am not your conscience. I will love you whether you *blaze bright* or *smolder unseen*, but-- if you *truly* hope to be a *leader*? Sorry.



You must be able to *live* with your choices.

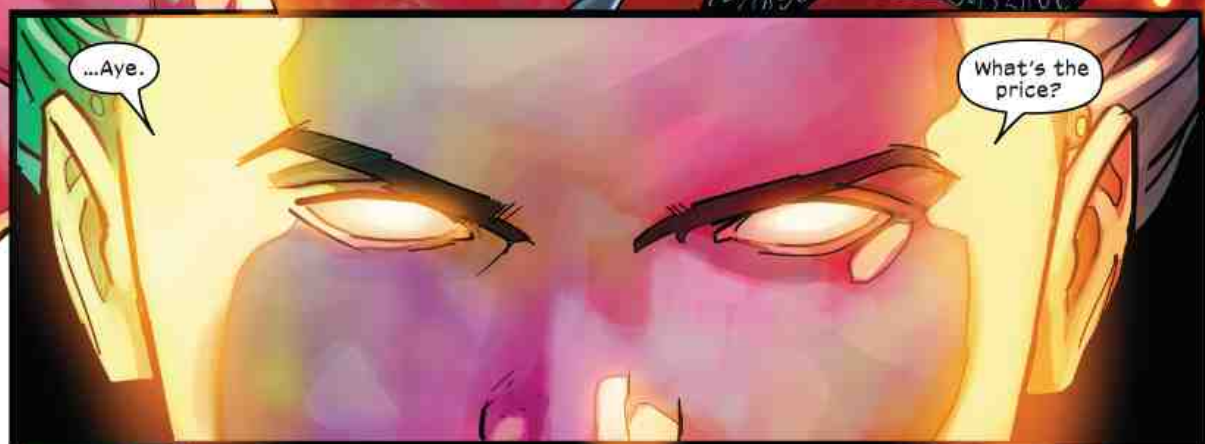
You rule you, remember?



What *exactly* are you offerin'...?

Me? I trade in *ideas*, love. Gods, devils, spells--that's all they are: *ideas* that turn belief into power.

For you? Oooh, I've got a lovely little number all picked out. But I expect there's something you wanna *ask* first, eh?



...Aye.

What's the price?



LEGION OF X

POSSESSION IS NINE TENTHS OF THE LAW

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has built an HQ in the ALTAR: a bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION.

There he's assembled his team of volunteers, oddballs and rejects -- the LEGIONNAIRES -- to maintain a peaceful oasis for mutantkind.

Right now, a skinjacker is on the loose, body hopping from mutant to mutant and causing chaos throughout the island, and an Arakkii god has gone missing. Ora Serrata -- A.K.A. the Witness and commander of the Inward Watch -- has commissioned her right-hand soldier, WEAPONLESS ZSEN, to track the god down alongside Nightcrawler.

Elsewhere, Legion has been offered a deal of a lifetime by the mysterious MOTHER RIGHTEOUS...

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[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[BANSHEE]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[PIXIE]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[SAGE]



[ORA SERRATA]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]



[LEGION]



[BLINDFOLD]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]



[PAULIE]



[WEAPONLESS ZSEN]

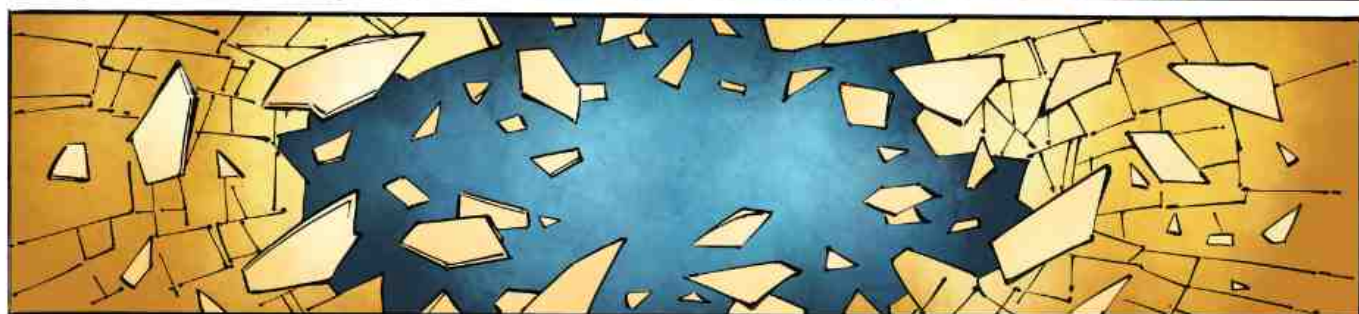


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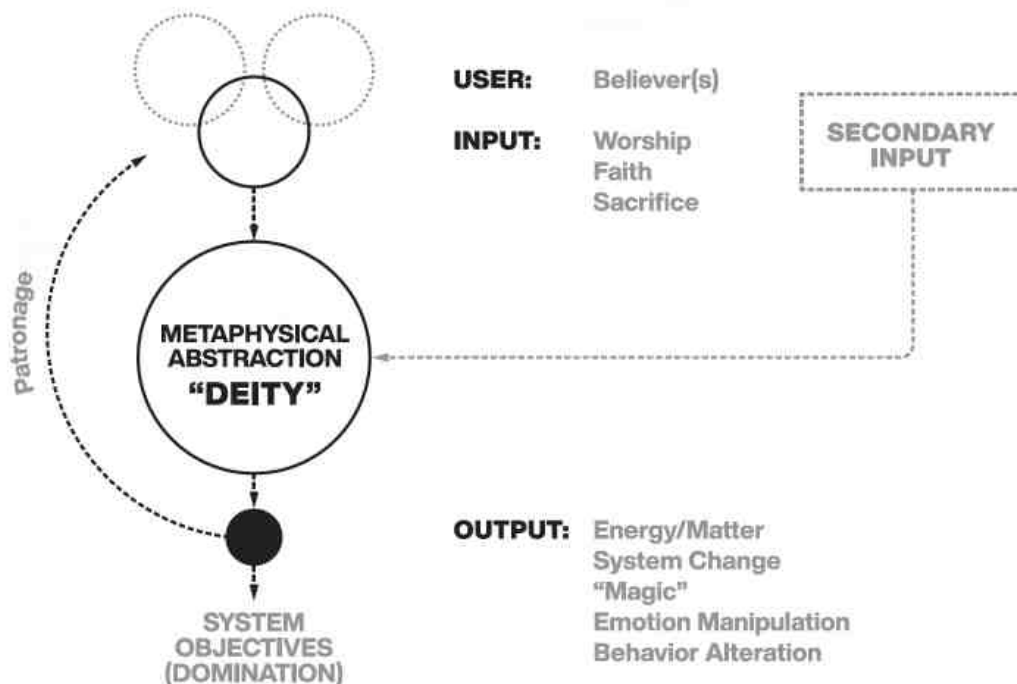
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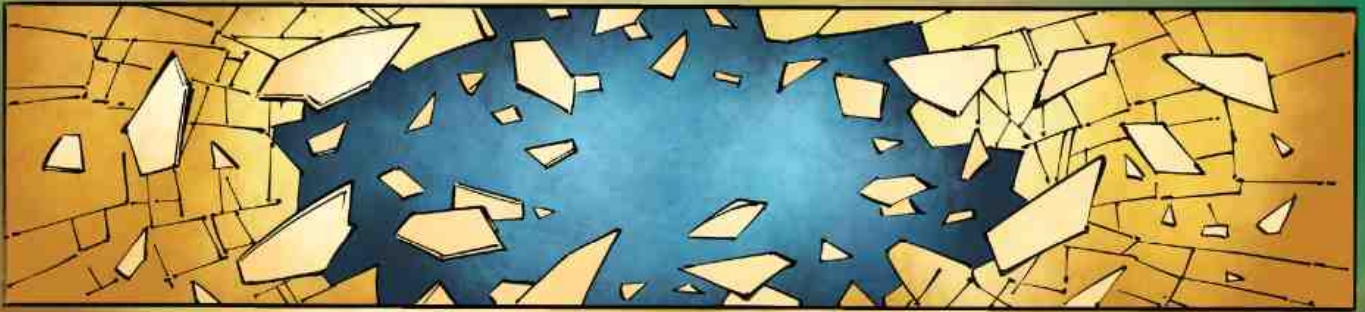
FROM THE DESK OF DOCTOR NEMESIS: ON GODS.

Deity: Fundamentally unscientific piffle. Yet one must painfully acknowledge that, according to some quirk of our reality, narrative abstractions have an annoying tendency to achieve form. Reduced to a processor system, this class of entity might be expressed as follows:



OBSERVATIONS:

- **Patronage outputs** have a constant upper limit, i.e., the personal benefits a user may expect are fixed, irrespective of the number of other users.
 - Total system output is a product of total input. This would appear to limit a deity's capacity for manifestation and agency. I speculate:
 - **1-100 Worshippers:** The processor cannot manifest far from its cultic input. It is tightly bound to its users.
 - **100-100,000 Worshippers:** The processor achieves a level of independence. It begins to act according to system objectives.
 - **100,000+ Worshippers:** the processor is essentially autonomous. Oddly, deities at this level almost never manifest. (Some manner of output->input loop? This would merit further study if literally Everything Else weren't a better use of my time.)
 - **Secondary Input:** There seems to be a threshold of mass consciousness beyond which processors cease to require primary input. (I doubt there are any active cults slitting chicken-throats to Loki, Hercules, etc., yet they refuse to @#&% off.) I speculate they have transitioned from the merely Metaphysical into Enduring Literary Devices -- exchanging a high-value/small-dose input for an unexotic but endless supply of human awareness. Which begs the question: If we could delete all memory of, e.g., Thor, from the minds of mankind, would he cease to exist?
- • Hm. Fun idea. We should try.



Krakoa.
The Green Lagoon Tiki Bar.
(Under reconstruction.)

Sorry, Kurt.
I ran every trace I've
got. No *gate usage*. No
pheromone signature.
No psychic profile.

This "*Switch*"
guy? He doesn't
exist.

I don't believe it,
Sage. I thought
we finally had the
Skinjacker in
our grasp.

Tt. Who
cares about one
body-hopping pervert?
My *fugitive deity* must
have fled here with at
least *one* worshipper,
so--

You're the
only *Arakkil* visitor
this month, Zsen. Our
tracking system doesn't
lie. Perhaps your boss
got it wrong?

Ludicrous.
Ora Serrata is a
relativistic quantum seer.
Your "*tracking system*" is a
drunken half-wit who talks
in the third person.

Sometimes?
Wh-wh-when ol' Tom's usin' his
powers, *sniffin'* about, like,
I-inna roots 'a Krakoa...he could
swear there's someone *else*
in there...all cold n' bright...
watchin'...

Puts the
willies right
up him, so
it does.

Mm,
well.

You try
merging with a
sentient ecosystem and
not getting *eccentric*. We
record all of Tom's sensory
data whether he's sober or
drunk.

Pft. Evading an
arboreal imbecile
is hardly conclusive.
If the missing *god's*
here, people
would *talk*.

Doubtless
you have *listening
devices*? We could
simply--



WELCOME
TO MY
HOME.

TELL ME
WHY YOU'VE
BROUGHT ME
HERE...



...OR
SUFFER MY
WRATH.

MY CROPS ARE ALMOST
READY FOR HARVEST. I
WOULD PREFER THEY
NOT BE DESTROYED.

IT TOOK
A GREAT DEAL
OF EFFORT TO
GROW THEM.



THEN EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS ALIVE
AGAIN, AND YOU SLEW
HIM AS CASUALLY AS
YOU WOULD SWAT
AN INSECT.

I ASSURE
YOU, MAR-VELL
IS LONG DEAD
AND REMAINS
SO. CANCER
IS A HARSH
MISTRESS.



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANY OF
THIS.



DOES IT
TROUBLE YOU?
DO YOU PERHAPS
QUESTION REALITY
ITSELF?



YOU, BETTER
THAN MOST,
KNOW MY DEEDS.
MY DESIRES.

I SOUGHT
ULTIMATE
POWER...



Nein.

We are not a *police state*, Zsen. We don't bug our own people.

...Yeah. What he said.

Sage! There ye are!



Ah, you look a rare ol' delight, so ye do.

Banshee.

Your mind's a little...*ouchy*... tonight...



+Cough+ He's, uh. He's been through a lot...

Oh--right...the *Moira* thing. I guess that would be traumatic...*

Eh--let's skip the feels, huh? I need to talk to Sage about *crime* stuff.

"Crime stuff."

*It happened in *X-Deaths Of Wolverine* #4! Investigate at your own peril. --S.B.

"...BUT I FOUND
ITS TASTE TO
BE BITTER.

"AT THE END OF THE
INFINITY GAUNTLET
MATTER, THE INFINITY
GEMS WERE **SCATTERED**
FOR SAFEKEEPING.

"ADAM WARLOCK KEPT
THE SOUL GEM FOR
HIMSELF, AND GAVE
THE OTHERS TO HIS
INFINITY WATCH.

"THE MOST **POWERFUL**
OF THEM ALL, THE
REALITY GEM, HE
ENTRUSTED TO ME.

"I KEPT IT **HERE**,
ON THIS REMOTE
WORLD, **SAFE**.

"WHO WOULD DARE RISK
PILFERING FROM THANOS
OF TITAN? AND YET..."





...NOW IT IS GONE.

STOLEN?

FROM YOU?

I ADMIT, I AM NOT INFALLIBLE...

...AND HAVE OFTEN BEEN THE ARCHITECT OF MY OWN DOWNFALLS.

BUT NOT IN THIS CASE. A THIEF HAS COME AND GONE.

WHO WOULD KNOW THE GEM WAS HERE, MUCH LESS BE ABLE TO TAKE IT WITHOUT YOU KNOWING?

WHO INDEED?

I AM MOST INTRIGUED TO LEARN THAT ANSWER. TO STEAL FROM ONE WHO WAS ONCE A GOD, WITH ALL CREATION UNDER HIS HEEL?

NORRIN RADD, I WOULD HAVE YOUR HELP IN SEEKING AND RECLAIMING THE REALITY GEM.

WHY ME? WHY DO YOU NOT GO TO WARLOCK AND HIS INFINITY WATCH?

THE SAFEKEEPING OF THE GEMS IS, AFTER ALL, THEIR REASON FOR BEING.

ADAM WARLOCK AND I HAVE A HISTORY, OF COURSE. I RESPECT HIM, BUT I DO NOT TRUST HIM.

I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FIRST DEATH.

The Altar.

Call yourselves cops? This is pathetic!

Just--throw me in a cell, stick my head on a @%\$#@ spike, whatever--I don't care! Quit draggin' it out.

That's not how we *do* things, Mr. DiCosta.

My experience? Folks who *wanna* get punished 're often the least *deservin'*.

Who the hell're you?

±Sigh±

All we want's to understand what happened with your wife, Paul.

Dust can let you into the congregation... help you relax and open up... so--

Pixie!

Ruth?

Oh my god, Blindfold, you're back! This is--

It's Switch! Sorry, sorry. He's--he's covering his tracks!

"He's covering his tracks in blood!"

...Simply believe that when we consent to try *new* things-- when we let the *spark* into our lives--

--then perhaps *conscience* is all the *law* we need...

Mmm... you got *me* convinced, Indigo. Little *lower*, huh?



YOU, HOWEVER,
ARE NOT MOTIVATED
BY SELF-INTEREST.

THE BURDEN OF
GUILT YOU CARRY
FROM YOUR
SERVITUDE TO
GALACTUS...



...THAT MAKES
YOU A RELIABLE
ALLY.



SO I INSIST
YOU JOIN ME
IN MY QUEST
TO FIND THE
REALITY GEM...

...AND
SAVE ALL
OF REALITY.

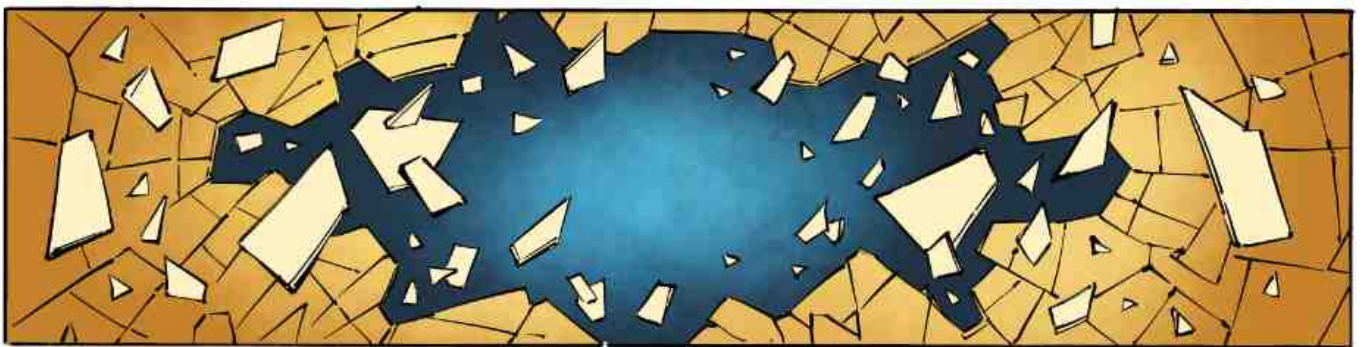
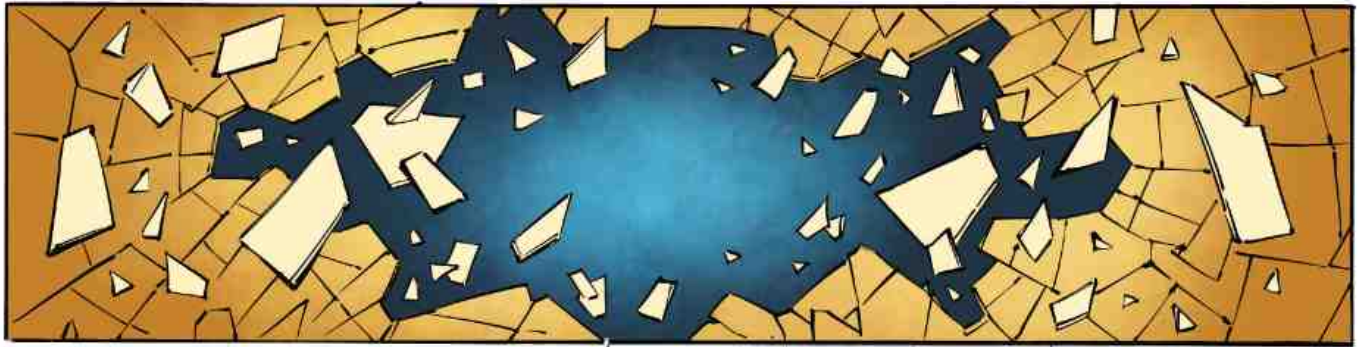


WHAT
CHOICE DO
I HAVE?



NONE
AT ALL,
REALLY.

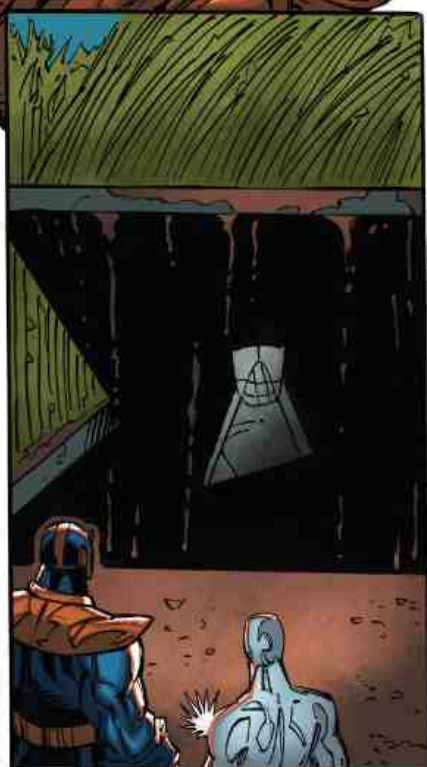








SNAP





...I don't
need *legs* to
kill you.

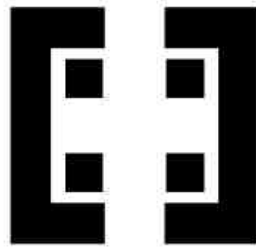


Talk! Who sent you?!
In five seconds I rip
your throat!

HrrrF!
B-better
not.

I might
twitch.





CASE OBSERVATIONS: “SKINJACKER”

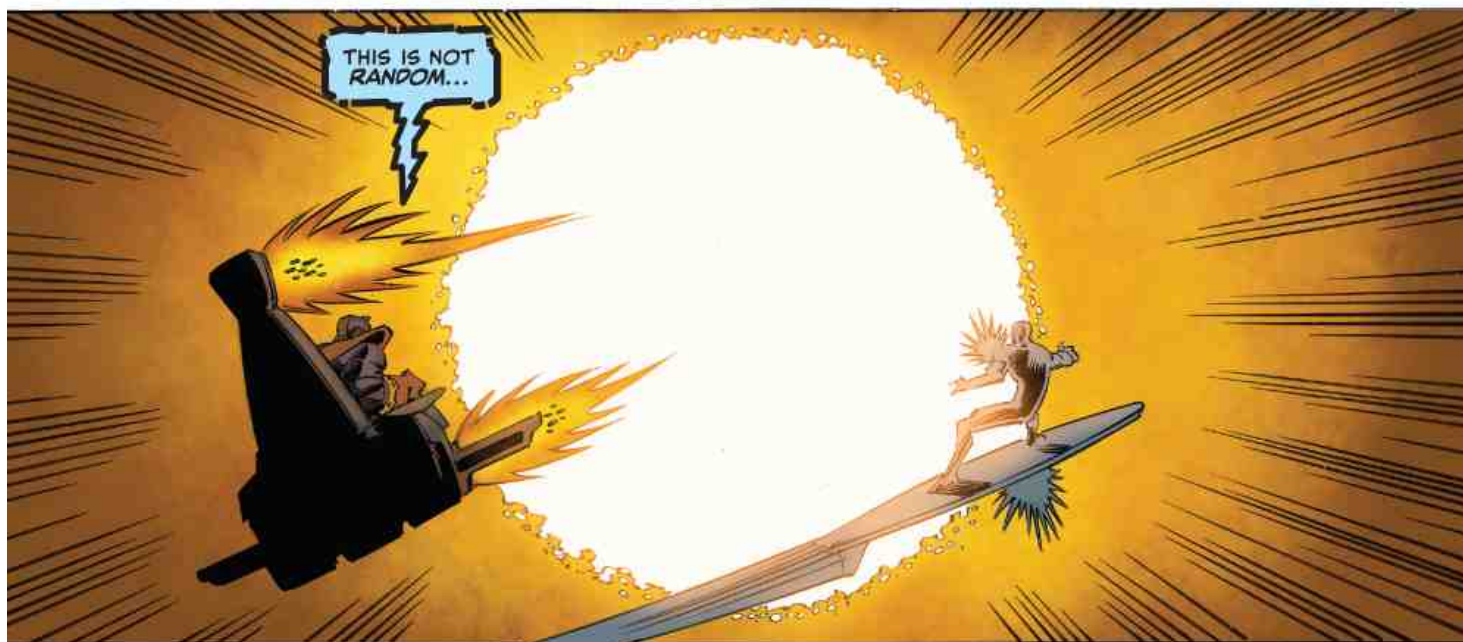
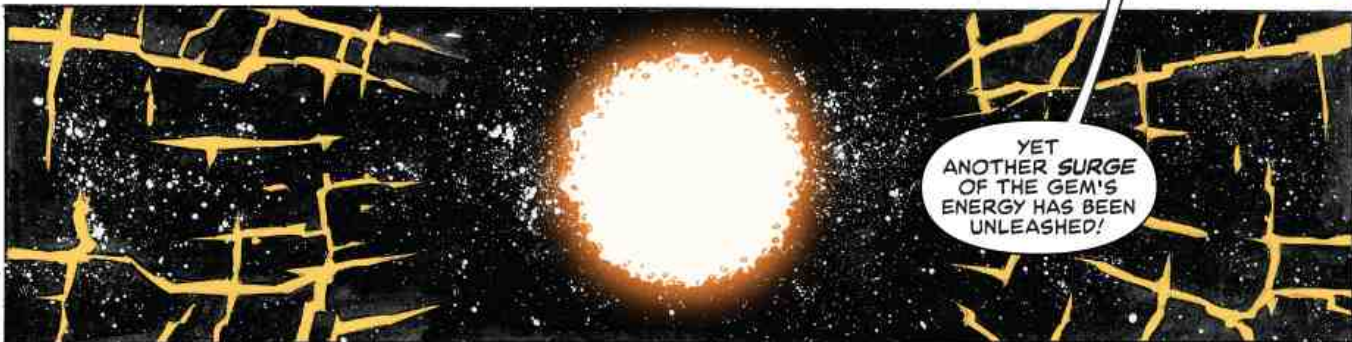
— COMMENTARY BY PROFESSOR HANK McCOY/BEAST

CASE HISTORY: Sage brings to my attention a looming bout of mass hysteria among Krakoaans. It seems some sentient entity -- assumed to be a mutant living among us -- is “borrowing” other individuals’ bodies by means of psychic possession. With tabloid inevitability this bogeyman has been popularly awarded a ghoulish epithet: the “Skinjacker.”

As so often happens in such cases, personal testimony is quickly eclipsed by hearsay and friend-of-a-friend shrilling. Yet there does appear to be a mote of truth in the flap, measurable in a growing pattern of self-harm and auto-amputation among those who claim to have been possessed.

ANALYSIS: Even if one were reckless enough to believe the stammering testimony of every alleged victim, the activities of this hypothesized individual would not merit much alarm. They have thus far confined their attentions to the realm of interpersonal unpleasantness and physical injury. Such matters may elicit cries of horror from the hoi polloi, but they show no sign of straying into the sphere of my jurisdiction. There has been no attempt to erode, assault or overthrow the statehood of mutantkind nor the polity of Krakoa. If I had to guess? It’s just some pervy little teenager getting overexcited about their new uncanny abilities. I see no need to devote X-Force resources to this case.

DIRECTIVE: Leave it to Kurt and his Emocops.





...OUR ENEMY
IS AWARE OF
US!



"--blood on
the grass."

VWOP



What
the--?

Sorry, boyo.
Just borrowing
your arse for
a mo.



STURD!

Aaaaahh!



CONSIDERABLY
MORE GRIEVOUS
THAN EXPECTED.

SURFER,
ARE YOU
WELL?

SURFER?



HE'S
NOT HERE,
FATHER...

...BUT
I AM.

AREN'T YOU
PLEASED TO
SEE ME?

NEBULA...





SUCH POWER,
THANOS...

...WE ARE
HURLED LIKE
MERE *DEBRIS* IN
THE COSMIC
MAELSTROM.

THANOS?

ROUSE
YOURSELF,
HERALD...

...MY HUNGER
WILL BE SATIATED
ONLY FOR THE
MOMENT.

I MUST
HAVE MORE.

GALACTUS?



Tt. I don't think the *criminal* understands the gravity of his situation...

Wh... wh...?



Unstoppable has no *meaning* if there's no *direction*, asshat.

Enjoy the rollercoaster in your *stomach*.

hbppl|oo0ark

My turn.



Try to switch past the *souldagger*, you unbelievable little *turd*.

...well then.

Devon Alomar, I presume?

ONE REALITY AWAY...

I'VE YET
TO FULLY
MASTER IT.
BUT SOON
I WILL...

...AND
THEN ALL
REALITY WILL
BEND TO
MY WILL.

ATTEND
ME, PAWN.

YOU HAVE
SERVED ME
WELL, BRINGING
THIS BAUBLE TO
ME. BUT THERE
IS MORE.

ALMOST
CERTAINLY, YOU
WILL BE CALLED
TO FACE THANOS
AND THE SILVER
SURFER WHEN THEY
ENDEAVOR TO
INTERFERE.

ARE YOU
THE EQUAL
OF THIS
TASK?

OF
COURSE, MY
MASTER.

ANYTHING
THAT YOU
ASK...



**JACK
OF HEARTS**
WILL OBEY.

NEXT: MIRRORS



NEXT ISSUE:

THE SILVER SURFER HAS STUMBLERD INTO A REALITY WITH A BLAST FROM THE PAST, AS MASTER AND SERVANT ARE REUNITED. AND THEIR REUNION WON'T BE A HAPPY ONE!



#2 COVER

RON LIM, DON HO & ISRAEL SILVA

#2 VARIANT COVERS

KYLE CHARLES & RACHELLE ROSENBERG; ROD REIS







There's far worse out 'ere than me.



Ruth.

David? Sorry. Wh-what did you decide?

N-nothing. yet. What, ah... what's going on here?

This is *Paulie*. Something *bad* happened. We were hoping he'd join us in the *congregation*-- to share his *pain*--but--

Screw your *religious* crap! What happened, that's for *me* to live with-- nobody else!



There *are* easier ways. I could read your mind. If you're innocent, I could just--*take away* your memories? Cure all this guilt.

Don't you *dare*! The--the *right way* ain't always the *easy way*! My--

--m-my...

...my wife useda say that...



**B
A
M
F**

God. L-Lisa.

You've gone. Ahuh.

You've really gone...



"Ohhhh, now...ere comes a different manner of mind. A grim soul among the giddy..."



"A man of *loss*--hmm. A man who *falls short* of his own *estimations*. A man--pft--of *honor*."

Not about *ambition* with you, Sean Cassidy, is it? With you, it's all *duty*.

You've spent yer 'ole bloody career tryin' to impose order on chaos--then when it comes to it?

...Say...you lose a *vote*...you lose your *true love*... you lose your own *body*...well.

Turns out you ain't even in *control* of your own *life*, dunnit? 'Orrible comedown.

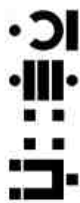


I could 'elp, Banshee. Such clarity. Such *power*. You'd never be *alone* again.

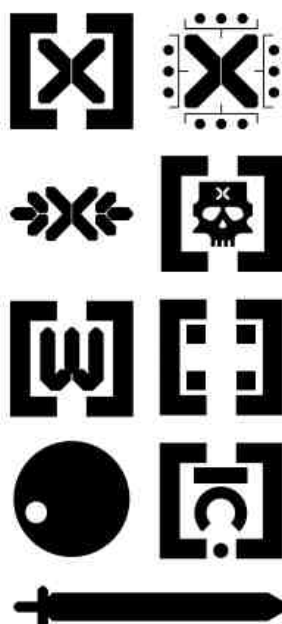
So... tell me...



...what's it worth?



NEXT



ISSUE:

Knights of X #2

➤ Legion of X #2

Marauders #3

Wolverine #22

X-Men Red #3

Immortal X-Men #3

Knights of X #3

New Mutants #26

X-Men #12

X-Men Red #4

Sabretooth #4

X-Force #29

